

Affliction, Part 1

by Salamander

Category: Higher Ground
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-04-15 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-04-15 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 15:43:21
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,988
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A new student arrives. She's trouble. 'Nuff said.

Affliction, Part 1

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters except for Lucy, Kylee, and Hank. I am not making any money for this story.

Also, this story is named after an Econoline Crush song. It's off their first CD which just happens to be called Affliction.

Notes: This part of the story contains foul language and talks about drug abuse. You have been warned.

Ky watched the forest blur past her window, taking careful note of any and all details. This was what she got for not taking control of a situation she hadn't seen as a threat. She hated herself for slipping.

Ky's mom turned around in the passenger seat of the black Suburban. "Kylee? Honey? We're almost there. Please, make a good impression. And don't hurt anyone. And, please, don't tell anyone off. -- "

"Mother, this is a school for delinquents. I'm sure they're used to it." Ky couldn't help but give a snarled grin at her mother's pleading, though.

Her mother turned around in her seat and sighed heavily. "Please, just be good."

Hank, Kylee's step-father, frowned as he slowed the Suburban down and parked it outside a log building. "Well, . . . " He turned the SUV off and took the keys out of the ignition. Kylee's mother wrung her hands and swallowed. Neither adult wanted to do anything.

Kylee watched them with fierce analysis for several moments and then

took her seat belt off and opened her door. "Hey!" She waved to a rather cute man walking toward the SUV and jumped out.

The man smiled back at her. "Hello. You must be Kylee."

"Please, I prefer Ky."

"Okay, Ky." The man outstretched his hand for her to take, which she did, and they shook each others' hand heartily. "I'm Peter Scarbrow. I'm the headmaster here."

Kylee grinned almost maliciously, her mood swings becoming apparent to Peter. "The papers we received in the mail never said how cute the headmaster was."

"Kylee!" Her mother had finally managed to get out of the Suburban and was already hovering over her. "That isn't how you treat authority figures." She placed a hand on Kylee's shoulder.

"I don't see any authority figures but myself here." Ky looked over at her mother and sneered at the hand on her shoulder.

Hank sighed deeply as he took his place next to her. "Ky, please stop."

Kylee rolled her eyes. "I'm here. I didn't complain at all on the trip. I can't have just wittle fun?"

Peter frowned a bit, trying to grasp Ky's personality. He shook his head, realizing it was going to take a lot more than one conversation between her and her parents. "Why don't you guys get her luggage and we can take care of goodbyes after we get her somewhat settled. -- "

"No!" Kylee's mother took her hand from Kylee's shoulder. "We leave now. -- "

"Lucy!" Hank looked at her intently. "Are you sure you want to leave so quickly?"

"Of course she's sure! The faster she can leave the little failure, the better." Kylee shrugged. "Makes sense to me."

Lucy shook her head. "Honey, you aren't a failure. -- "

"No. I am. The only reason I'm here is because I failed to see a dangerous situation for what it was." Kylee had long before stopped paying much attention to the adults, except for the conversation, but had begun to focus on studying her surroundings.

Lucy sighed sadly and turned to Hank. "Get her luggage." Hank nodded and, giving Lucy's shoulder a squeeze, left the three to get the luggage from the Suburban. A few moments later, he came back carrying a large duffel bag and a backpack. He set them down gently at Kylee's feet.

Lucy wiped a tear from her eyes. Slowly, they had begun to fill. She didn't want to cry, but she couldn't help it. "Please be good, honey." She hugged a rather reluctant Kylee. "I love you, Ky." She gave her daughter a tight squeeze and then let her go.

Hank frowned sadly and brought the still reluctant Kylee into an embrace. "Be cool, Kylee, and I'll take you fishing when you get back."

Hank let go, and Ky couldn't help let a wry grin onto her features. "Is that an incentive? Or a bribe?"

Hank gave a small grin. "I think that's a bribe, kiddo." He placed his hand on her head to mess up her dark brown hair but immediately stopped his endeavor and brought his hand back down and wiped it on his pants. "I don't know why I thought I could do that without getting contaminated. I swear you have your own Three-Mile Island on that head of yours."

Kylee snorted. "Just enough gook to keep people from messing with my hair." She was genuinely proud of her spikey, goopy hair.

Hank nodded. "Yeah. . . . " He swallowed a bit and looked at Lucy.

Lucy nodded. "Let's go." She turned and started to the SUV but then stopped abruptly and turned to Peter. "Don't underestimate her; never turn your back on her." And with that, she started back toward the vehicle. Together, Hank and Lucy made their way to the Suburban slowly. Within several minutes, they were gone, speeding down the highway they had come on just moments before.

Ky frowned up at Peter. "Now what, big guy?"

Peter frowned back, not sure how to take the 'big guy' term she had just used. "Now we go inside. Need help with your bags?"

Ky shrugged. "Couldn't hurt."

Peter nodded and picked up the duffel bag. "Follow me." He turned and left up the stairs to the log building. Kylee picked her backpack up and put it on and followed Peter into the building. She carefully examined her surroundings, leaving nothing questioned in her mind.

Peter nodded toward an open doorway. "Inside." Ky nodded and entered, Peter coming in after her and closing the door. "If you could place your backpack on the table." Ky nodded again and did so. Peter heaved the duffel bag next to it. "You can sit down if you want."

Ky pulled a chair from under the table and sat in it. "This is where you check my bags."

Peter nodded and unzipped the main zipper of her backpack. "That's right."

"You won't find anything. I'm not that stupid. If I wanted to bring something into this place, I would use a much more . . . imaginative route."

Peter stopped pulling objects out to study Kylee for a moment. He returned to digging into her bag a few moments later. "Just so you know, I'd much rather a woman look at your stuff. But Sophie - you'll meet her tomorrow - is out of town. Family business."

Kylee shrugged. "Whatever. I can assure you all my underwear, bras, and socks are clean. I could care less who holds them."

Peter felt a bit uneasy but didn't let it show. He really hated digging in girls' stuff. Why did Sophie have to be out of town the day they got a new female student?

It took Peter a good half hour to make sure that he did a thorough enough job at examining; he hadn't found anything. When he was done, he placed the bags on the floor and pulled a chair out for himself to sit on. "And now we have a little talk."

Kylee nodded. "You tell me the rules and the way things work here."

Peter nodded a bit. "Yes, . . . but it's more than that. But since you brought it up, let's get rid of that part. No sex, drugs, drinking, smoking, or disrespect. As far as the 'way things work here,' the girls in your cabin will show you how things run."

Ky smiled. "Well, that was quick and painless."

Peter smiled back. "Glad you think so. Now, I want to talk to you about why you're here and what we want to accomplish while you're here. Care to speak your mind?"

Kylee sighed and slouched into her chair. "I'm here because everyone's scared of me. The Feds think I did something, but they don't have crap on me. If they did, I sure as hell wouldn't be here. -- "

"We don't allow that kind of language." Peter was extremely stern as he said it.

Ky knew not to push him right away and nodded. "Okay. Anyway, the Feds can't place me in juvie or jail or even prison because they have nothing on me. They made a deal with my mom and Hank to send me here."

Peter sighed. "And what about your drug use?"

Ky shrugged. "A little fun never hurt anyone."

"The way I heard it, you were so strung up that you physically couldn't get out of your bed on your own one day. You went to a treatment center for over a month. That's what you call 'a little fun'?"

"No school at the treatment center is fun. And not getting up at 6 in the morning's fun." Kylee smiled triumphantly at Peter.

He frowned. "Excessive drug use isn't fun, it's an addiction. -- "

"One my mother let me get. She knew I was on the take. I mean, c'mon, my eyes were red and glazed, and you can't tell me that weedheads don't act funny. -- "

"It wasn't just weed, though."

Kylee lifted an eyebrow and laughed lightly. "Are you saying that drugs other than weed aren't fun?"

Peter pursed his lips. "I was hoping for a straight-forward adult conversation. I know you're capable of it. -- "

"Fine!" Ky frowned in an agitated manner. "You want adult, then I'll tell you straight up what's wrong with me. I don't trust anyone. Period. I can't trust anything alive. Even if a person leaves me no reason not to. That person is still going to die and leave. Only inanimate objects are constant unless something happens to them. Stuff like my bass and drugs . . . those are the only real things in my life. You and this stupid little camp aren't going to change my view. If anything at all, it'll just drive me further into my cynicism."

Peter sat back a bit and studied Kylee, who in turned studied Peter back. He couldn't understand this girl. She was too complex. But definitely needed support and guidance. He nodded. "Alright. Have anything else to say?"

"I'm quite done."

Peter nodded and leaned forward, his arms laid on the table and eyes looking intently into Kylee's. "The other teenagers here have or had just about the same view on this place as you just described. I can accept that. You haven't been given the chance or a reason to think otherwise. Hopefully, though, you'll be thinking more about who you are and who you want to be than you will this school."

"Your parents are really worried about you. They love you, and I'm sure you love them back. I don't want you to feel pressured into doing something for their sake, though. I'm pretty sure that won't happen, but I feel it's important for me to address that problem. Everything you encounter here will be part of your journey. Yours, not your parents. Or anyone else's for that matter. Okay?"

Kylee nodded, completely bored by his lecture. Peter frowned, realizing he had lost her attention. "Okay. I suppose that's it. Want to go to your dorm?"

Kylee shrugged. "If I have to. I'd rather go home."

"I'm sorry, Ky, but you know that's not going to happen."

"Of course not. No one ever listens to anybody under the age of 28. It's just a rule."

Peter stood up, and pushed his chair under the table. "Come on."

He picked Ky's duffel bag up, waiting for her to follow suit. She did and picked her backpack up and put it on. He then guided her through the building, Ky taking notice of every detail. Peter opened a door to the outside and they walked out, sunlight and teenage banter hitting them immediately. Many groups watched the two process across a grass lawn, Ky relishing in the attention where others would have felt completely uneasy. Peter led her past several buildings, which he pointed out and named. Soon, they stopped at a cabin, Peter opening its door and entering. Kylee followed after him and surveyed

the cabin with a quick sweep of her eyes. She gave special attention to each of the other girls in the cabin, whom had all stopped doing whatever activities they had been involved with when Kylee and Peter had entered the room.

He placed her duffel bag on the first bed opposite the door. "This will be your bed."

Kylee looked at Peter and then at the bed and then shrugged. "Okay." She walked over to it and shoved her duffel bag off of it and slid her backpack off, which thudded to the floor. She plopped down on her bed.

Peter smiled at her and pointed at Katherine. "That's Katherine. She'll introduce you to the others." With that, he swiftly walked out the room and closed the door behind him.

Daisy watched the door for several moments and looked at Ky, who stared back. "What are you here for?"

"I can't discuss that."

Shelby rolled her eyes. "Oooooo . . . "

Kylee studied her meaningfully for several long moments. "I can't legally talk about it. I haven't been convicted of anything. They have nothing on me, but I scare them so -- "

"Who's 'them'?" Daisy smiled a bit, enjoying the small dose of excitement this new girl lent.

"The Feds."

Shelby lifted an eyebrow, obviously not believing. "The Feds? What did you do, kill a cop?"

Kylee narrowed her eyes toward Shelby. "I don't like you. I don't like you at all."

The other girls felt completely uncomfortable, especially Shelby. But she refused to let anyone see it and just smiled back curtly.

Katherine cleared her throat, drawing Kylee's attention toward her. There was no animosity in her eyes toward her. "Yeah?"

"Like Peter said, I'm Katherine. What's your name?"

"Call me Ky."

"Okay." Katherine nodded toward Daisy. "That's Daisy."

Daisy nodded a greeting toward Ky. "Hey."

"Hi." Ky was already extremely bored.

Katherine pointed to Juliette, who was sitting on the same bed as Daisy. "That's Juliette."

Kylee looked at Juliette oddly for a second. "What a terrible name to

have. I wouldn't want to be named after a girl who was in puppy-love over a guy that thought running away was the best answer and then who killed herself over him later. You don't have a good relationship with your parents, huh?"

Juliette was somewhat shell-shocked. "Um. Well, . . . "

"I'd hate my parents if they named me some wussy name, too."

"Anyway, . . . " Katherine pointed toward Shelby, who was sitting two beds away from Kylee. "That's Shelby."

Kylee's face went through several odd emotions before she looked at Shelby, this time with no anger at all. "Old English, eh?"

Shelby looked at her funny. "Huh?"

"Your name is Old English."

" . . . Oh."

Kylee sighed and rolled her eyes. "Anyway, would you guys mind answering some questions?"

Juliette shrugged. "I guess not."

"Okay. Have there been any successful escapes?"

"No." Shelby shook her head.

Ky nodded. "Okay. Does anyone patrol during night?"

"The teachers." Daisy raised an eyebrow. "Thinking of running away."

Kylee looked mortally offended. "What?! How stupid do you think I am? I have no room to screw around with stupid shit like that. Just what the Feds need, me to run. It's just some info that might come in handy sooner or later. Hopefully sooner. . . . There anything to do around here for fun?"

"What kind of fun?" Juliette wasn't sure if she wanted to know what Ky did for fun.

She shrugged. "Something . . . intense."

Daisy snorted. "'Intense'? You've just landed in a world where that doesn't exist."

Kylee frowned. "Hmmm . . . " She then picked up her backpack and unzipped it. She turned the bag upside-down, objects cascading out. When the bag was empty, she threw it aside and began to rummage through the pile of junk. She finally came to a tube of somewhat used toothpaste and a tube of some kind of face cream. She put them aside and continued looking for other things. "What kind of climate does this place usually have? Cool and dry? Cool and humid? Cool, humid, and sometimes rainy?"

Katherine nodded. "Yeah. . . . Exactly."

Ky frowned even deeper. "Damnit. That won't help." She found a shaver and put that aside, too. "There any areas that are always kept warm?"

Shelby was incredibly curious. "Yeah. . . . The lodge. Why? What are you up to?" It sounded dangerous, and therefore, fun.

Ky didn't answer but kept rummaging. She put a new deoderant stick into the small pile. "Does the lodge's roof leak when it rains?"

Shelby stood up and walked over to Ky's bed, sitting next to the new girl. "Why?" She grabbed the toothpaste tube.

Ky stopped immediately and grabbed the tube out of Shelby's hand aggressively. "You touch my stuff again, and I'll fucking kill you!" It seemed to have been said with all sincerity. She gathered the four items she had put aside and picked them up. She then left the cabin, the other girls somewhat dazed by Kylee's first impression on them.

End
file.